

Philad^a August 4th 1843.

Dear Trumbull

I can't write to you unless I make some change in my daily arrangements, so I have determined to omit my French lesson this afternoon. I became ^{so} excessively weary & nervous after mapping 5 or 6 hours in the morning and writing French 2 hours after dinner, that I cannot write. It is in vain for me to try; my thoughts rush along helter-skelter laying hold of every object like the stern woman in the streets of Jerusalem seizing upon one man - saying "we will cut an ear out of his head &c." This is my most worthy excuse for not answering your prompt favor of the 8th of July? - yes - Has it really been almost a month since you wrote me? And what have I done? Lived the life of an oyster, without the merit of fattening for the public - or the less merit of fattening upon it, for I have not a cent & don't know if I love shall for my work. I do wish you were here. In the last two days Anne (our maid) and I wore the old home kapers. All scattered. Now Father & Joe have come; and three makes a tolerable table; but still not a decent one. Mother & Sandy will perhaps drop in in two weeks - but alas, alas, a lass has fled - the flower of ~~the~~ vale - my dear sis. has gone. I feel half like a fool & half like a madman when I think of her. Married, gone, dead, rot - and what shall I do? I'll tell you a project I have conceived. I despair of getting loose from my map these three weeks & so I will go to Princeton at the day - secure my room & then quietly jog off for a week or two up the North river, making my idols and be back in trim to do something. As I now feel I would be a poor stick among you. I am worn down - thread bare - out as the soul - lame in the heart - blind in the imagination, thoroughly & inevitably exhausted & helpless - must recruit.

I am glad to find you have been enjoying yourself at home. There is no place like it after all — if all are there that ought to be. You can't imagine how desolate I feel; the friends of my childhood and the joy of ripen years. The parting of brothers is not so bad to be borne, but to have a sister, an only sister to desert one, it is very hard to restrain murmuring. How low are we prone to forget our having had! Instead of rejoicing over the past, we turn with flowing eyes and gaze sad on the future. Why is this? Is there no gratitude in us? I could explain it thus, for I feel very tenderhearted & liberal just now; — in the past which we enjoyed we were grateful. The past has gone; it is nothing to us; it has no existence; it is not the shadow of a shade; why care for it? What claims has it upon us? The present is; — we live; — we want, — we have, — we love, — we are satisfied, — we are in pain: — all this is real existence. And the future is laid up — piles of bullion in the mint of time. Shall we look on those piles without emotion? never. We must either be fool or angel who can. Blessed be he who knows the president of the mint. — — — — — Thus would a philosopher talk who felt cold above the heart. Thus a Christian who has lost his first love. To those in whom the light burns bright — who walk with God, the past is a rich ground, bearing wisdom's grain & many flowers. It used to be so with me — but my mind — my soul is warped & out of tune & I screw away at the pins but they turn the wrong way. The past — how many times it has been a rich legacy to us. How often have I sold some of mine, my dear fellow, have been made of pure diamond and their lustre, though diminished to a speck, still shines as bright as ever. They are true flames & no reflectors for they vanish by smallness, & not by dimness. And who gave them to me? Who indeed? My heart pants after Thee, the Best. Oh may I know Thee. My dear friend, what will we do when we are standing before our glorious Redeemer? surely we will be must be dumb with ecstasy. Dumb? — no, that's a human failing. We are here dumb for

Having too much & too big to say. These matters can be too much
or too strong for us to utter & to praise - except it be the

□□□□. These issues will soon be a mystery of mystery,
too bold a theme for Angels' eyes. And yet we don't know that.
Who told thee, that foolish thought, that the greatest & best is more
as willing as he is able to reveal the purport of his name & the
thoughts of his heart to his despised? Nay, silly one, thou knowest
nothing at all about it, so mystify be quiet or content thee with
saying to be released from this world of tumult & vagary & vagueness
and long & wait for the cleavage of the veil, & the rest of that plane
where will be no night there, & the love of that same where God
will provide as a table of Angels. O the wills of the love of Christ!
How hard finding out is it! And how good is he thus with days all
we know to repel & disgust him! How good spirit to find us & bring us in.
Why were we chosen? There will be a very best promise: and the way
we will play & sing it will cast Handel into shades. I feel as if
my fingers were playing on the strings now. I could stand the Universal
gaze in such employ - and will, God willing, when the time comes,
and hope to have you alongside, Trumbull to execute your half.

But I must give up from Henry. I have badly reflected
since lately. Indeed I've been selfish beyond measure. I eat, drink &
sleep and nothing on earth gets the best good by it. - He is
located at Abingdon about 12 miles north of this; with a
and hard at study. Indeed he studies far too close, scarcely rising
from his seat from meal to meal. He expects to be in Princeton
at the opening of Session & study there a preparatory year. I
look forward to our next Session with great interest. I hope to
be much with you - with your permission - (perhaps a little sooner
may play consent) - and our studies certainly will be of an unusually
momentous kind. I have determined that if I rec. what I stipulated
for you in state, to make it my last year and try to see
Geneva & if possible - Jerusalem. Then I think my
hands & heart will be strong to work in the wilderness. But
all things are in the hands of our Master. His orders & who
of us would wish to alter or amend?

I would be glad of you would joy Whelpley's memory
when you see him in N. H. Tell him I yet live and would
be thankful as he saying is for the several favors, and
that I've spent a day with Vanuxem, first listening, then
arguing, then opposing; Was delighted with the man. But perhaps
I'll say as much on paper.

I feel as if I was sufficiently acquainted with your reputation
father, to send him my best respects. "Happy, my Maria," says
Frederika Bremer "is the wife who can, like me, give to her son
from heart & soul this exhortation: "Remember thy father!" And
none knows the blessedness of the son who a father we may credit
of imitation, honor & love, better than

Your friend & brother

Peter.

David

Mr. David Sumball.

Colchester, Conn.

Aug. 4. 1845.

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